

<sup>A</sup>  
S P E E C H  
TO THE  
K I N G:

Made by a  
M I N I S T E R  
OF THE  
FRENCH CHURCH  
OF THE  
S A V O Y,

The 19th. of October, 1681. in the French Tongue.

And published at  
L O N D O N  
By His MAJESTY's special Command.

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Rendred into English.

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D U B L I N,

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Throne from whence it proceeded; as your Majesty hath in exprefs terms pronounced, that you esteem it a point of honour and conscience to do them good: they also hold it a point of Conscience and honour, to come and kiss those pious hands, which have saved them from their Shipwreck, and are to them a perpetual spring of blessings and favours. They look, Sir, upon this your mysterious Declaration, given in their favour, as the Master-piece of Providence, and if I may so call it, An admirable Apparition to the eyes of the Church, and the World it self.

The Established Church admires it as the effect of extraordinary Piety, and the Astonished World looks upon it as the Produce, of the highest Prudence; in all places this your Majesties Oracle is heard, they tell it in *Gath*, and proclaim it in *Ascalon*, and the seven Hills Eccho the noise which it every where makes, the *Isles* clap their hands, and the *Continent* answers the *Isles*.

All the World speaks of it, but those, from whom a Declaration so full of Zeal, for the name of Protestants, hath taken away all pretence of calumnious talking, and condemned them to everlasting silence.

I already hear by anticipation the voice and applauses of equitable Posterity: and it is not to be doubted that great work, both of good Policy and good Conscience, shall be equally celebrated in the Annals both of the Age and Church. This Oracle of your Majesty shall be twice in History, witness of your Wisdom and witness of your Piety; And there we shall see to appear with splendor, both Virtue human and Virtue divine; and it will be no easie task to distinguish which shines brightest, the Monarch or the Defender of the Faith.

But,

But, Sir, this charitable Declaration hath already found another sort of Panegyrist, whose blessings and praises (God himself the King, who makes Kings) takes pleasure to hear. these are our Children, Sir, those little *Moyfes* which float on the Waters, before they have scarcely touched the Earth: those poor young Orphans; those little ones of the Family of Faith, to whom the great Defender of the Faith proclaims himself Father. These are the Angels of the Earth who in consort with the Angels of Heaven do praise God for what he hath done by his Anointed. Methinks I see them in their Mothers Bosoms, attentively listening, when they relate to them what God in our days, by your means hath done for them. Methinks I see them begin to stammer out the Language of your people: to learn to bless you in more than one Tongue; and for their first Lesson, they learn, to read that tender, that Fatherly Declaration of your Majesty. Methinks, Sir, I hear them cry out when they see you appear, *Let the KING live, let him live who hath made us live, and with our bodily Lives preserves our Souls.*

Methinks moreover I hear many other of Christs Confessors, of all Estates, of all Arts, and all Orders which the World would subdue by Famine, but their Faith succor'd by your Charity, hath conquered the World. I hear them, I say, speak without ceasing of your Majesty, and emulously celebrate your Royal bounty. Ah Sir! could you hear it, how pleasant would the harmony be to your Majesties Ears! a melody a thousand times more agreeable and charming, than that which so highly pleased the Emperour *Augustus*, when passing along he heard the people praise him. he protested in all his life he never heard so grateful a sound; yet was that but the vain noise of some frivolous and worldly praises; but those which your Majesty receives on the part of these poor afflicted ones,

ones, are Divine, Eternal, and the same to the bottom, which the Poor will give to their Charitable Benefactors, by the mouth of our Lord himself, at the solemnity of the last day.

But also, Sir, what occasion do you not give to these poor *Job's* to sing in the night, when they see your Majesty ask for them (as I may say) the Alms of your Subjects? What comfort is it when the Defender of their Faith, doth open at once so many Fountains for their subsistence, which were prohibited them, for the hatred of their Faith, in the Country from whence they came? What sweetness is it, to see themselves inrolled amongst the natural Inhabitants of your Estates, as soon as they set their Feet upon them? How great is their Joy, that they may for the future be born, live and die in peace? I am witness, Sir, that one of them fallen sick a few days after his arrival in this County, at last gave up his pious Soul to God, blessing that Providence which had conducted him hither, to die in peace, under the shadow of your Sacred Throne, and in the bosom of your *Jerusalem*.

In truth, Sir, it is impossible that so many wishes and blessings, which issue from so many faithful mouths, should not strike a great stroke in Heaven; it cannot be, but those Just ones which so highly bless the bounty of their *Trajan*, must obtain for his Reign the felicity of *Augustus*. And who knows, whether that Heaven which takes charge of all the interests of its Church, will not likewise take care of all the acknowledgments they owe you, and make known by the effects the success of their Prayers? Who knows but the example of so many Protestants, marked with a good stamp, who cast themselves into the Arms of your Church, may help to disarm those which trouble its peace? Who knows but our Children who cross the Seas for security of their Salvation, may  
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by their presence officiate as little Mediators, between Brethren animated against each other, with so much passion and so little reason? who knows but they may relent at the sight of so piteous an object, and may hereafter make it conscience, not to rip up the Entrails of a Mother, to whom so many Confessors of the Faith (whom some have endeavoured to make Martyrs) do every day throng, to beg her Blessing as adopted Children?

But expecting the Success of those Vows, which a just and pious acknowledgment inspire us with, retiring my self, what shall I say which may well express it to your Majesty? where shall I on this Subject find words powerful enough to explain our thoughts? for my Weakness cannot reach it in an ordinary style; and in those raptures of Admiration which I feel, I fancy it easie to raise my self to the highest flights of Eloquence, and after the example of an ancient Orator, and the sight of so many Miracles, to call the Dead to this great Spectacle. I can scarce forbear crying out, O admirable *Elizabeth*! O most happy *James*! O most great and good *Charles* the first, Kings of the Apocalypse! who have carryed your spiritual Riches; and the Crown of your Virtues into the holy City! Great Souls! Souls divine! which have so often given ear, to the Cryes and Groanes of the Protestants Strangers, in this very Palace in which I speak; what will you say this day to see your pious Intentions, so faithfully and happily executed! what will you say, to see such a concourse of faithful Mourners which arrive every day, and are met on the shores! All those Assemblies and voluntary Contributions, all those pious emotions and commerce of Charity which we see this day in these fortunate Islands! what will you say to see *Lazarus* in the Bosom of *Abraham*, and upon our Earth the Representation of your Heaven! what will you say to see *England* assume  
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the Figure of the ancient *Rome*: which was called the Patroness of the world: and become after her Example the Patroness of all the Reformed world, by the pious and profound Policy of your Illustrious Successor! But what have I been doing, Sir, I speak to the dead: when I should have made the living speak; 'Tis the rapture in which I am, 'tis the confused motion of many passions at once, which makes me speak in this tone, and throws me beyond bounds and ordinary rules: Judge, Sir, by these extraordinary transports, the extraordinary causes which occasion them, and the impressions which your Goodness have made in our Hearts: judge how sensible we are of Gratitude for your Goodness to us, how much Ardor, Zeal, and, if I durst say it, Love it self for your Majesty; but why should I not dare it? all things ought to be permitted us in this our Extasie:

Yes Sir, we love you we love you, Sir as the Gods o' th' Earth, (such as your Majesty) should be loved; as the *Romans* loved their *Emperors*, or their *Senators*, whom they affectionately called their dear Hearts; And it is with a Passion the most strong and lively, yet the most respectful and submissive, that we are all, Sir, Your most humble, most obedient and most faithful Servants, and Subjects.

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**FINIS.**



